MARVEL COMICS
MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
BEFORE WOLVERINE THERE WAS
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AUTHORITY
BWS

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

Front Cover—DARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
Back Cover—JACKSON GUICE

TERRY KAVANAGH—Editor
KELLY CORVESE—Assistant Editor

TOM DeFALCO—Editor in Chief

WEAPON-X ..... Page 1

Prologue
A 13 Part Story

Long before the X-Men, before even Wolverine . . . there is simply Logan, the mutant.

By: DARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
Letterer — JIM NOVAK and DARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

SHANNA ..... Page 9

The Bush of Ghosts
Part 5 of 10

"ANT HILLS OF THE SAVANNAH"

Jeremy Mchele wants Guy Cross-Wallace for murdering his fellow game wardens. Eric Heller wants him for smuggling diamonds. DuBose Wilson wants him for double-crossing him in a criminal deal. Shanna wants him for slaughtering animals.

Writer — GERARD JONES
Penciler — PAUL GULACY
Inker — GARY MARTIN
Letterer — JADE MOEDE
Colorist — STEVE MATTSSON

DAREDEVIL ..... Page 17

Redemption Song
Part 4 of 4

A MOMENTARY TASTE OF BEING

We've learned that Ellington, the missing biochemist and Travis T. Hipp, are one and the same person. Ella Pinkwater, head of the Octagon Corporation, wants him because he holds invaluable data on an intelligence boosting drug. Daredevil and the police want him because he may be ready to incite riots throughout the city with his next broadcast.

Writer — SANDY PLUNKETT
Layouts — SANDY PLUNKETT
Pencils — DWAYNE TURNER
Inker — CHRIS IVY
Letterer — JANICE CHIANG
Colorist — GREGORY WRIGHT

RED WOLF ..... Page 25

"FLESH OF MY FLESH"

Chosen by the Cheyenne Gods to protect and avenge the Indian people, William Talltrees is now forced to protect the memory of Lobo . . . his "little brother."

Writer — FABIAN NICIEZA
Penciler — JAVIER SALTARES
Inker — MARK McKENNA
Letterer — MICHAEL HEISLER
Colorist — KELLY P. CORVESE

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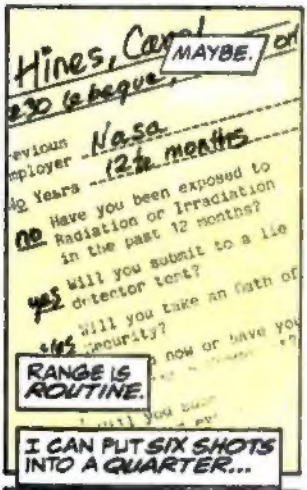
EXPERIMENT X
X-MEN
THMMMM
STORM'S COMIN'.
KKRM. KAKK
YEAH. IT'S A BIG ONE.
THE BIG ONE.
THE ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING OUT FOR.

TIME TO WRITE HOME...
...MAKE PEACE WITH SOMEBODY.
"DEAR MA--YA GOAT-HEADED...
"...MISSHAPEN, WALL-EYED WITCH...!
"GOT SOME NEWS FOR YA...!
"THE SECRET IS OUT!
"SIGNED: YER SON WITH THE HAIRY PAWS."
HUH!
AS IF I KNEW WHO MA WAS...
EVERY-BODY'S GOT ONE.
Cornelius Flees U.S.
OR TWO, MAYBE.
SECRETS, I MEAN.
I GOT A DOOZIE.
IT'S A SERIOUS MOTHERLOAD.
HARD HIDIN' IT, SOMETIMES
BUT I GET BY.
555-7369
OTHERS GOT THEIRS WRIT ALL OVER THEIR FACES.
"MERCY KILLER" QUACK ELUDES F.B.I.
DR. CORNELL SOUGHT DEATH
Malpractice Suits on Ris
THEY'RE THE ONES WHO GET FOUND OUT.

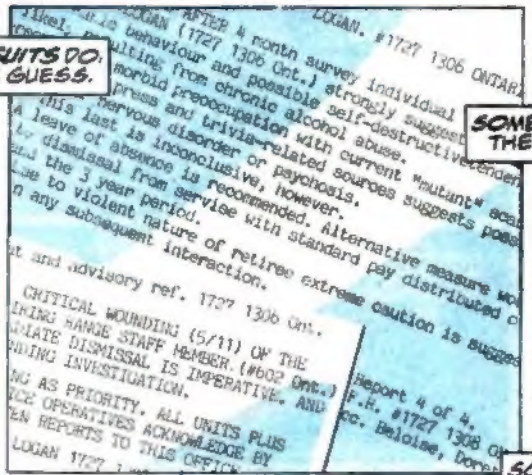
AND END UP DANGLIN' FROM SOMEBODY'S LINE.
BUT YOU ONLY GET HOOKED IF YOU TAKE THE BAIT, RIGHT?


Hines, Carol
MAYBE.
RANGE IS ROUTINE.
I CAN PUT SIX SHOTS INTO A QUARTER...

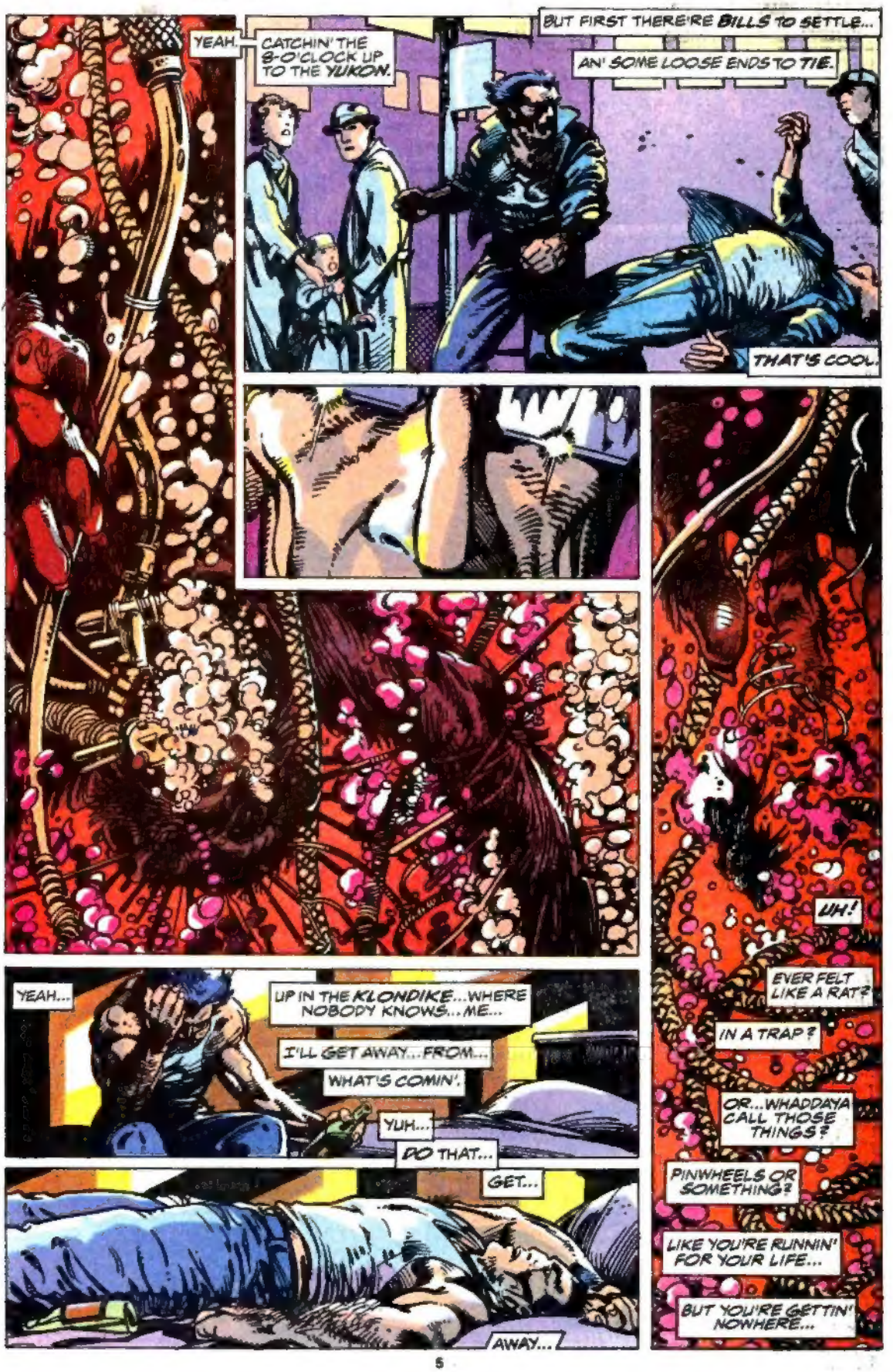
SCREW 'EM.

...AN' GET CHANGE FOR THE GUM-MACHINE.
WHEN MY HANDS AIN'T SHAKIN'.
SUITS DO. I GUESS.

SO I WING SOME GEEK WITH A RICOCHET...
LIKE... WHO GIVES A TOSS.

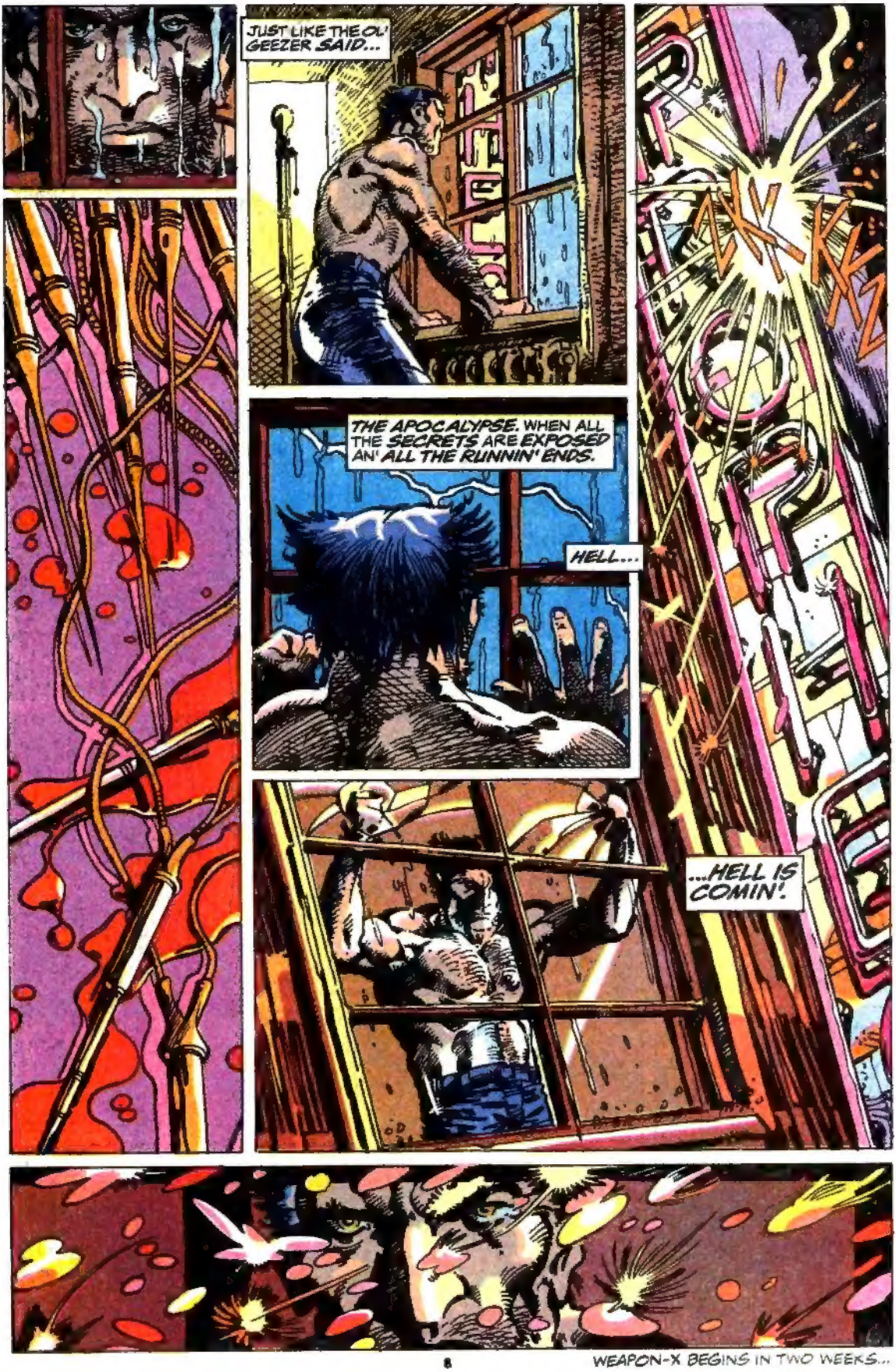

SOME ATTITUDE THEY GOT.

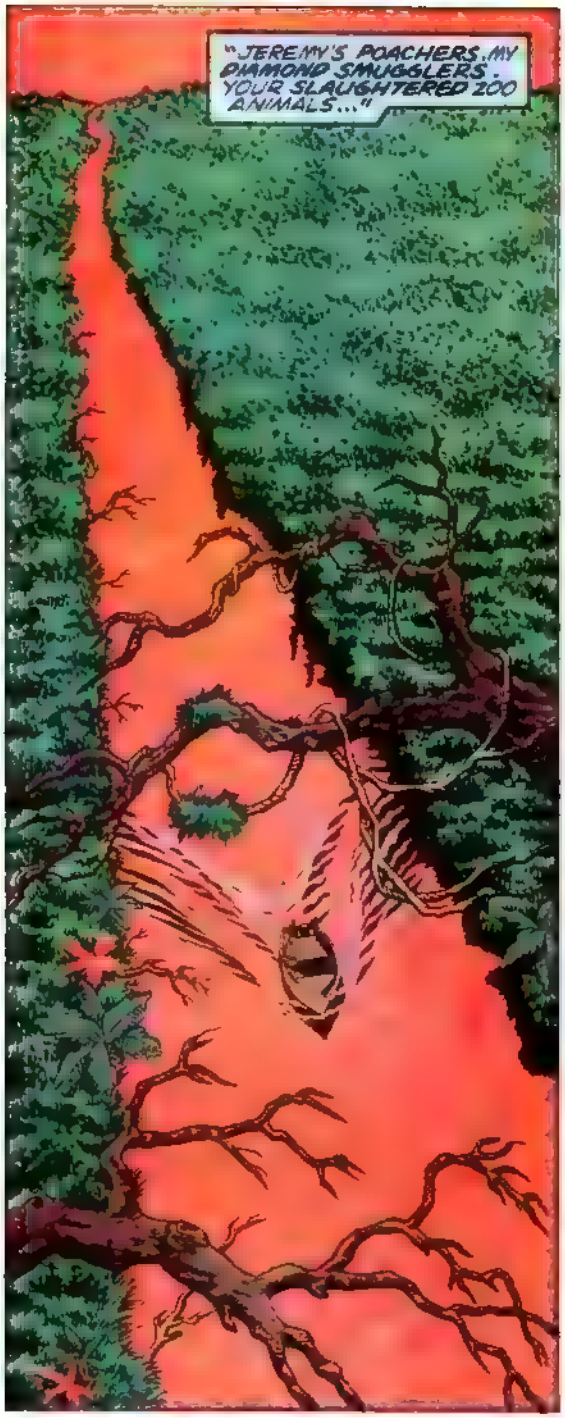
SPENDIN' MY NIGHTS AT THE PROPHECY...
I AIN'T GOT THAT STUFF, BUT I LIED TO GET THROUGH THE DOOR.
IT'S FOR FALLEN CHRISTIANS, Y'KNOW.
PROPHECY
HEY, IT'S FREE.
FOR TH' FALLEN.
SO...
...I GUESS I QUALIFY.
Seagram's V.O.
PROPHECY IS PART OF THE APOCALYPSE.
DIDJA KNOW THAT?
I DIDN'T.
SOME DRUNK BUM DOWN THE HALL TOLD ME THAT.
SPAT AS HE SAID IT, TOO.
THEN HE CROAKED.
HAPPENS A LOT 'ROUND HERE.
BEEN THINKIN 'BOUT MOVIN' ON.

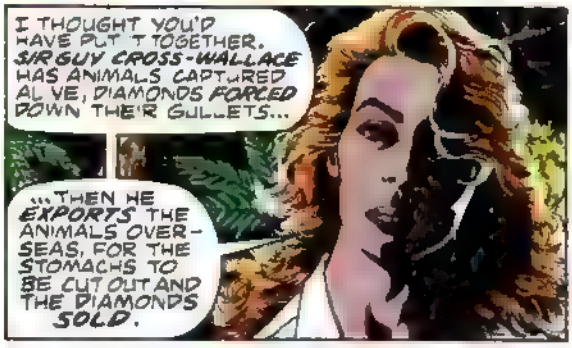

YEAH.
CATCHIN' THE 8-O'CLOCK UP TO THE YUKON.
BUT FIRST THERE'RE BILLS TO SETTLE...
AN' SOME LOOSE ENDS TO TIE.
THAT'S COOL.
UH!
EVER FELT LIKE A RAT?
IN A TRAP?
OR...WHADDAYA CALL THOSE THINGS?
PINWHEELS OR SOMETHING?
LIKE YOU'RE RUNNIN' FOR YOUR LIFE...
BUT YOU'RE GETTIN' NOWHERE...
YEAH...
UP IN THE KLONDIKE...WHERE NOBODY KNOWS...ME...
I'LL GET AWAY...FROM...
WHAT'S COMIN'.
YUH...
DO THAT...
GET...
AWAY...

JUST...
NOWHERE...
'CEPT THE EDGE...
OF THE DARK!
AND TH' DREAMS...
OF DEATH...
IN THE SHADOWED ROOMS...
OF THE PROPHECY.
UHH!
IT'S THE SAME...!
EVERY NIGHT!
PAIN AN' BONES AN' SPIKES...
DAGGER HANDS.
BLOODSHOT WITH...
WITH...
VILE...
STENCH...
AND...

HORROR.
STORM'S COMIN'.


JUST LIKE THE OL' GEEZER SAID...
THE APOCALYPSE. WHEN ALL THE SECRETS ARE EXPOSED AN' ALL THE RUNNIN' ENDS.
HELL...
...HELL IS COMIN'!
WEAPON-X BEGINS IN TWO WEEKS...




I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE PUT IT TOGETHER. SIR GUY CROSS-WALLACE HAS ANIMALS CAPTURED ALIVE, DIAMONDS FORCED DOWN THEIR GULLETS...
...THEN HE EXPORTS THE ANIMALS OVERSEAS, FOR THE STOMACHS TO BE CUT OUT AND THE DIAMONDS SOLD.

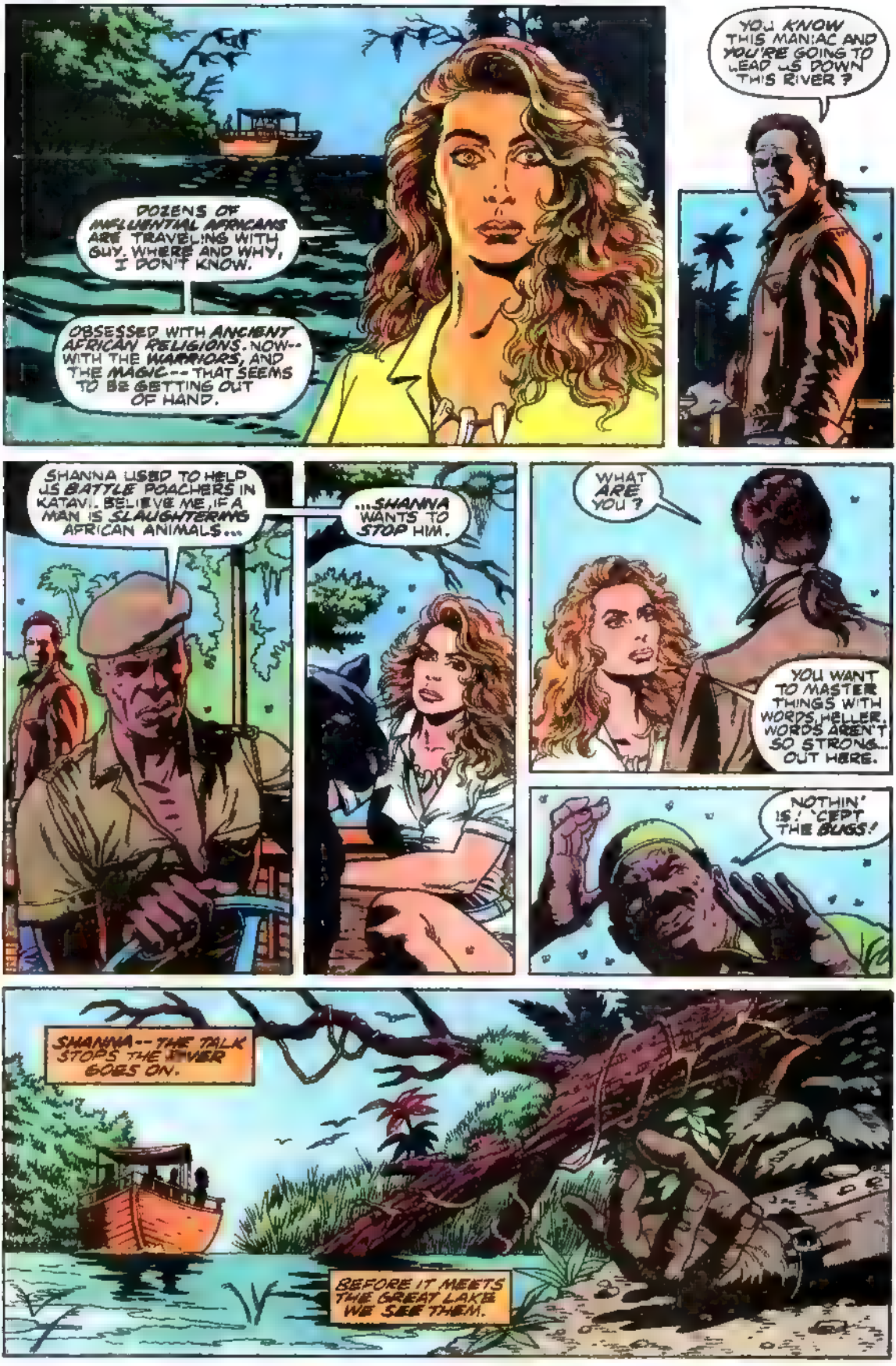
THE BUSH OF GHOSTS

"ANT HILLS OF THE SAVANNAH"

PART 5

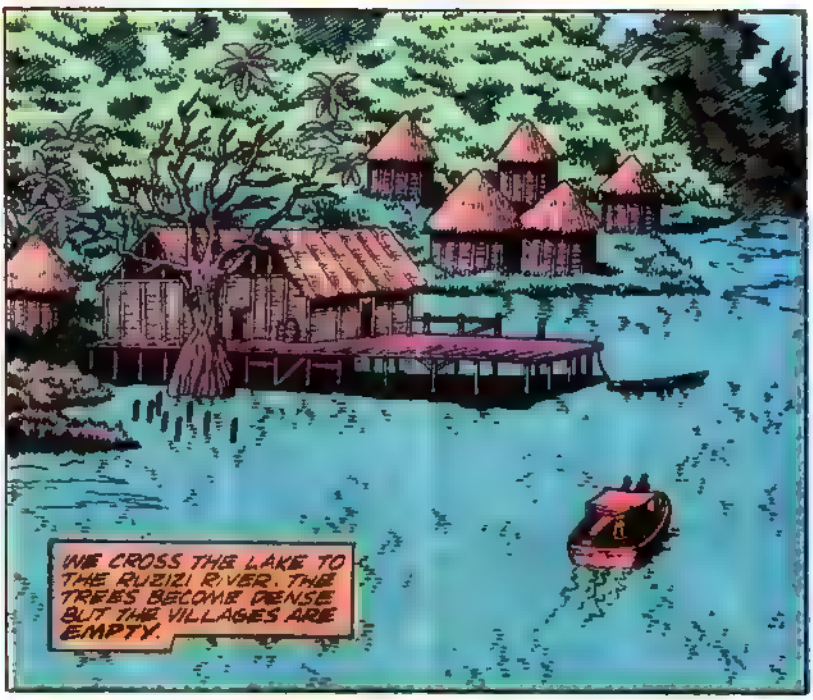
FEATURING:

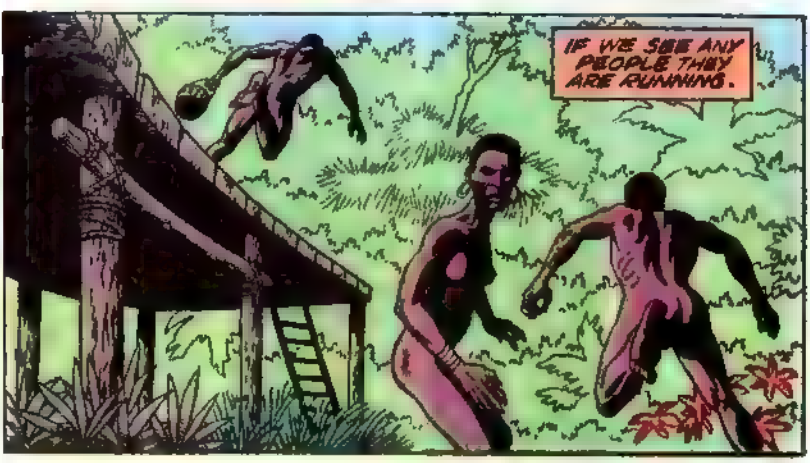
SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL


DOZENS OF INFLUENTIAL AFRICANS ARE TRAVELING WITH GUY. WHERE AND WHY, I DON'T KNOW.
OBSESSED WITH ANCIENT AFRICAN RELIGIONS. NOW--WITH THE WARRIORS, AND THE MAGIC--THAT SEEMS TO BE GETTING OUT OF HAND.
YOU KNOW THIS MANIAC AND YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US DOWN THIS RIVER?
SHANNA USED TO HELP US BATTLE POACHERS IN KATAVI. BELIEVE ME, IF A MAN IS SLAUGHTERING AFRICAN ANIMALS...
...SHANNA WANTS TO STOP HIM.
WHAT ARE YOU?
YOU WANT TO MASTER THINGS WITH WORDS, HELLER. WORDS AREN'T SO STRONG... OUT HERE.
NOTHIN' IS! 'CEPT THE BUGS!
SHANNA--THE TALK STOPS THE RIVER GOES ON.
BEFORE IT MEETS THE GREAT LAKE WE SEE THEM.

A TANZANIAN BORDER PATROL. THEIR WEAPONS AND SUPPLIES HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

THE RIVER GOES ON.


WE CROSS THE LAKE TO THE RUZIZI RIVER. THE TREES BECOME DENSE BUT THE VILLAGES ARE EMPTY.


IF WE SEE ANY PEOPLE THEY ARE RUNNING.

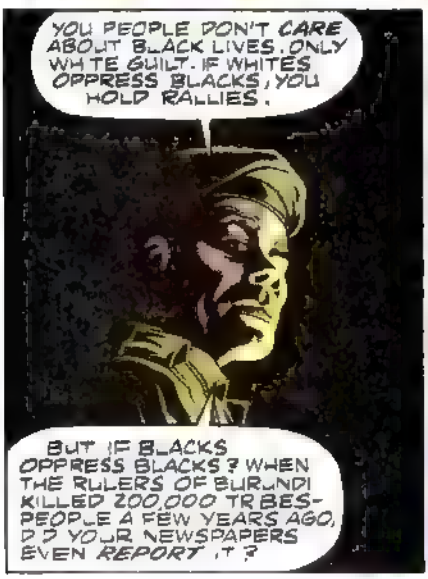
AND IF THEY ARE NOT RUNNING...
NO CHILDREN. HE'S TAKEN THEM ALIVE.
WOMAN, WHAT ARE WE GETTING INTO HERE?
"I DON'T KNOW. AND ANYONE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO LEARN...CAN GET OUT NOW."

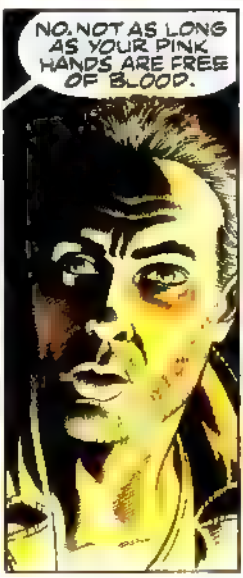
HOW DID YOU FIND FOOD SO QUICKLY, SHANNA?
DON'T ASK HER *HOW*, MAN. JUST BE GLAD SHE DOES!

WE SHOULD BE PURSUING CROSS -WALLACE.

AND RUN INTO HIS WARRIORS IN THE DARK, *MICHELE*? NOT SMART.
OF COURSE, YOU NEEDN'T CARE IT'S ONLY BLACKS HE'S KILLING.

WHOA... WHY DO YOU THINK I'M OVER HERE, RISKING MY NECK? BECAUSE OF THE *EXPLOITATION* OF--


YOU PEOPLE DON'T *CARE* ABOUT BLACK LIVES. ONLY WHITE GUILT. IF WHITES OPPRESS BLACKS, YOU HOLD RALLIES.
BUT IF BLACKS OPPRESS BLACKS? WHEN THE RULERS OF BURUNDI KILLED 200,000 TRIBESPEOPLE A FEW YEARS AGO, DID YOUR NEWSPAPERS EVEN *REPORT* IT?


NO. NOT AS LONG AS YOUR PINK HANDS ARE FREE OF BLOOD.

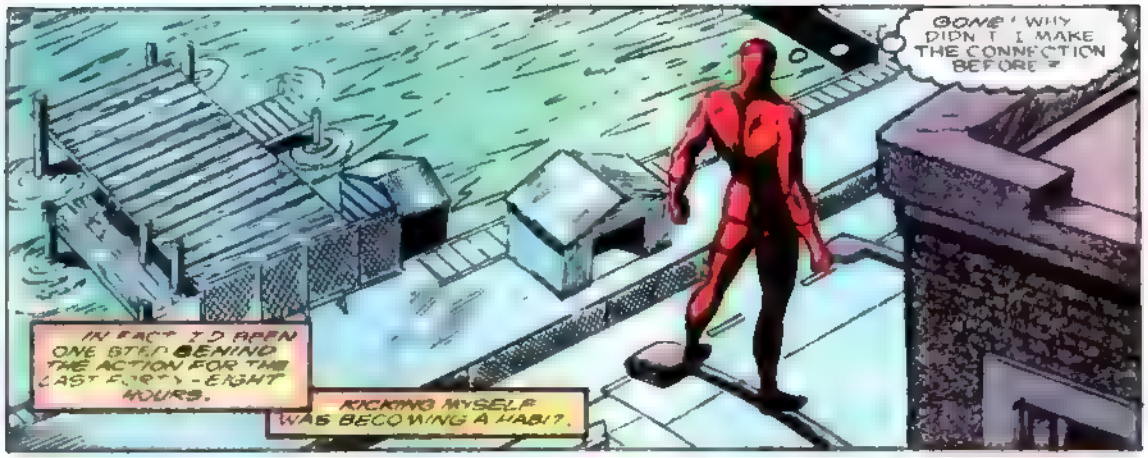
WHAT DO YOU THINK, *MR. WILSON*?
I JUST WANT MY *STONES*, BABY. JUST WANT MY STONES.

RRR?
WHAT? ANIMALS?
I HEARD META... CLINKING.
I'M GOING OUT.
DRESSED LIKE THAT? WHY?
BECAUSE IT TURNS ME ON.

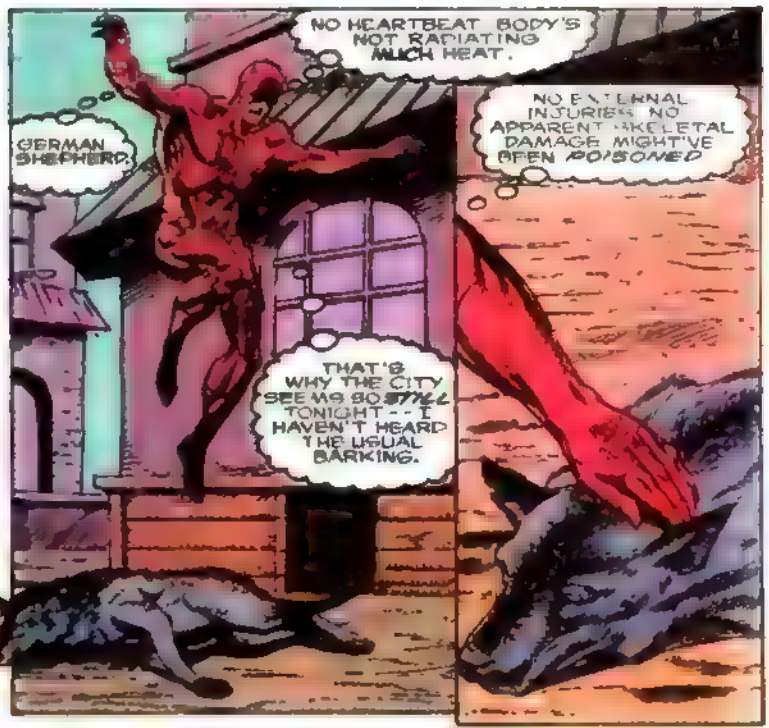
AAAAAAAAAAIIIEEE
AA AA AA

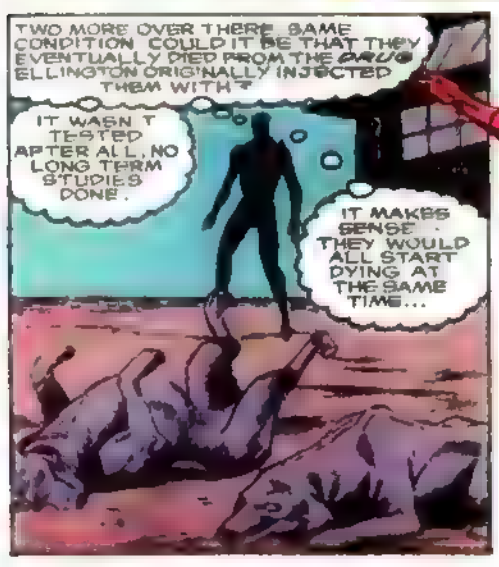
AAAAAAAAAA
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...

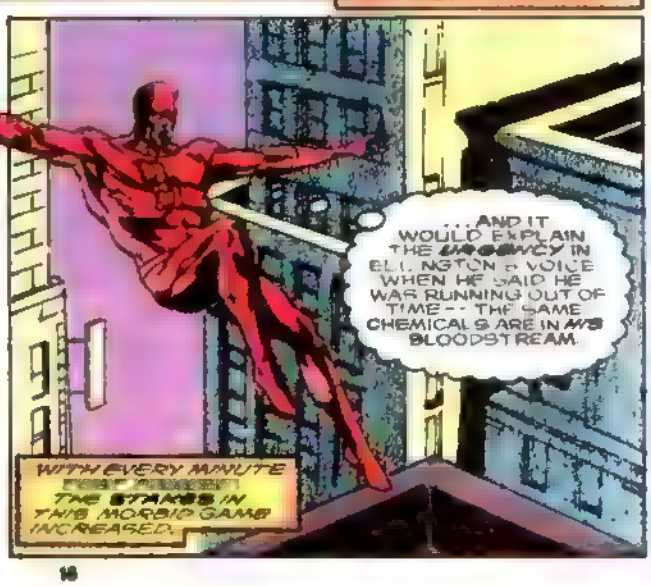
REDEMPTION SONG : Featuring
DAREDEVIL
PART IV
A MOMENTARY TASTE OF BEING
THE HEAT WAVE LAY OVER THE ENTIRE CITY LIKE A BEAST SMOTHERING ALL SOUND AND SLOWING EVERY ACTION.
THE AVENUES WERE DESERTED, BUT THERE WAS A TENSION IN THE AIR SO REAL YOU COULD FEEL IT TWIST YOUR GUT.
TRAVIS T. NIDA HAD PROMISED US SOMETHING WILD AND EXPLOSIVE AT DAWN BUT HE'D BEEN VAGUE ON THE SPECIFICS OF THE EVENT.
THE INNOCENT ANTICIPATED EXCITEMENT AND FUN.
THOSE HARDENED BY EXPERIENCE ANTICIPATED THE WORST.
PRECINCT 52
IN EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD IN A THOUSAND BEDROOMS PEOPLE SAT IN VIGIL, WAITING FOR THE SUN TO RISE.
I'M A FRAID I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT...

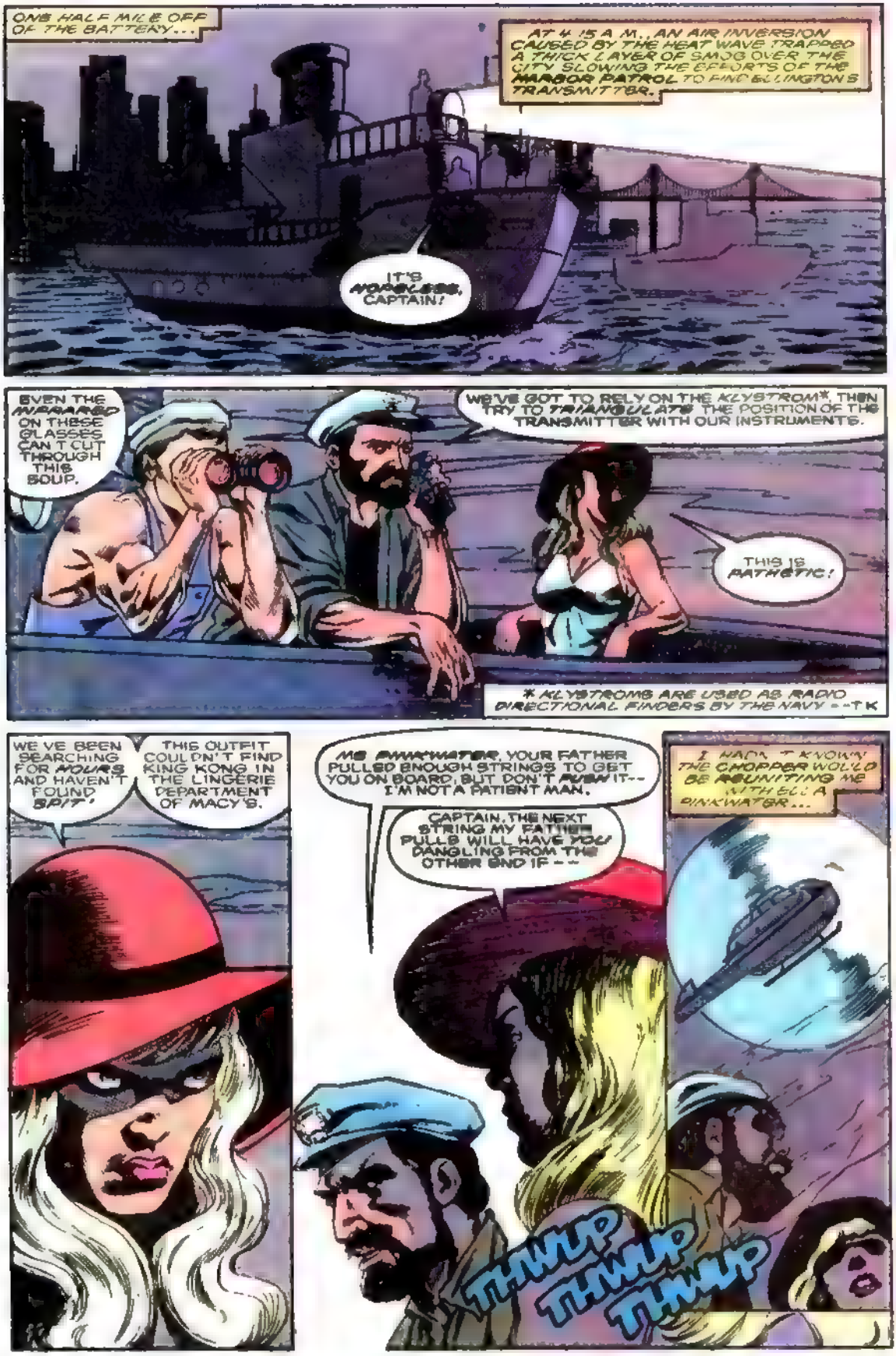

GONE! WHY DIDN'T I MAKE THE CONNECTION BEFORE?
IN FACT I'D BEEN ONE STEP BEHIND THE ACTION FOR THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.
KICKING MYSELF WAS BECOMING A HABIT.

ELLINGTON HAS TO BE USING A MOBILE TRANSMITTER TO STAY AHEAD OF THE COPS. NATURALLY, HE'D USE OCTOBON 9 FLOATING LAB.
NATURALLY IT'S GONE!
I'M OUT OF HUNCHES TO-- WAIT ON THE COBBLESTONES BELOW...

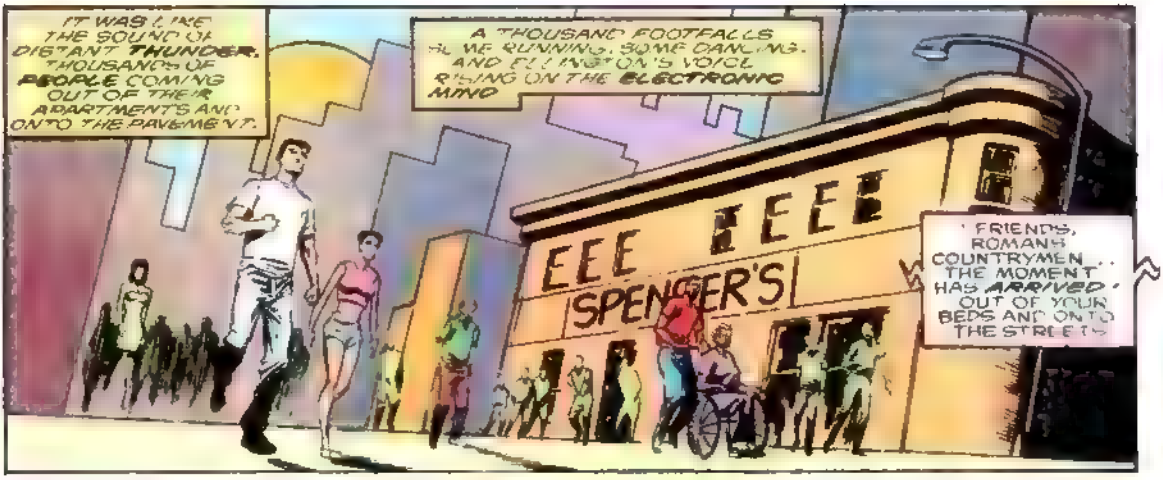

NO HEARTBEAT. BODY'S NOT RADIATING MUCH HEAT.
NO EXTERNAL INJURIES. NO APPARENT SKELETAL DAMAGE. MIGHT'VE BEEN POISONED
GERMAN SHEPHERD.
THAT'S WHY THE CITY SEEMS SO STILL TONIGHT -- I HAVEN'T HEARD THE USUAL BARKING.


TWO MORE OVER THERE. SAME CONDITION. COULD IT BE THAT THEY EVENTUALLY DIED FROM THE DRUG ELLINGTON ORIGINALLY INJECTED THEM WITH?
IT WASN'T TESTED AFTER ALL. NO LONG TERM STUDIES DONE.
IT MAKES SENSE. THEY WOULD ALL START DYING AT THE SAME TIME...

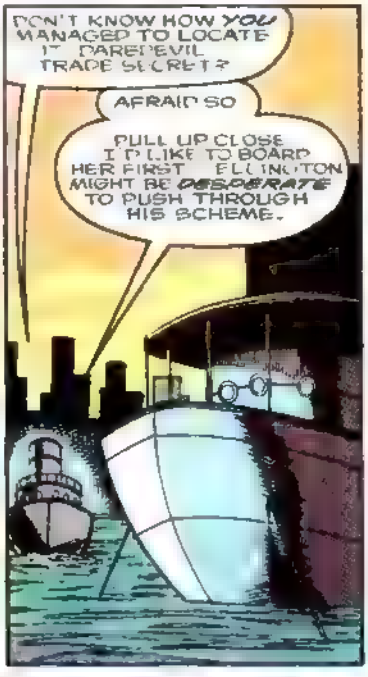

...AND IT WOULD EXPLAIN THE URGENCY IN ELLINGTON'S VOICE WHEN HE SAID HE WAS RUNNING OUT OF TIME -- THE SAME CHEMICALS ARE IN HIS BLOODSTREAM.
WITH EVERY MINUTE [illegible] THE STAKES IN THIS MORBID GAME INCREASED.


ONE HALF MILE OFF OF THE BATTERY...
AT 4:15 A.M., AN AIR INVERSION CAUSED BY THE HEAT WAVE TRAPPED A THICK LAYER OF SMOG OVER THE CITY SLOWING THE EFFORTS OF THE HARBOR PATROL TO FIND ELLINGTON'S TRANSMITTER.
IT'S HOPELESS, CAPTAIN!
EVEN THE AVERAGED ON THESE GLASSES CAN'T CUT THROUGH THIS SOUP.
WE'VE GOT TO RELY ON THE KLYSTROM*, THEN TRY TO TRIANGULATE THE POSITION OF THE TRANSMITTER WITH OUR INSTRUMENTS.
THIS IS PATHETIC!
* KLYSTROMS ARE USED AS RADIO DIRECTIONAL FINDERS BY THE NAVY --TK
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HOURS AND HAVEN'T FOUND SQUAT!
THIS OUTFIT COULDN'T FIND KING KONG IN THE LINGERIE DEPARTMENT OF MACY'S.
MS. PINKWATER, YOUR FATHER PULLED ENOUGH STRINGS TO GET YOU ON BOARD, BUT DON'T PUSH IT-- I'M NOT A PATIENT MAN.
CAPTAIN, THE NEXT STRING MY FATHER PULLS WILL HAVE YOU DANGLING FROM THE OTHER END IF--
I HADN'T KNOWN THE CHOPPER WOULD BE REUNITING ME WITH ELLA PINKWATER...
THWUP THWUP THWUP

I COULD HARDLY WAIT.
DAREDEVIL!
DADDY LET'S YOU OUT THIS LATE? I'M SURPRISED
WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE BEING HERE?
ELLINGTON'S BECOME MY BUSINESS HE'S A POTENTIAL THREAT TO INNOCENT LIVES IF I HADN'T LET HIM ESCAPE--
SO YOU'RE HERE TO MAKE AMENDS FOR YOUR PAST INCOMPETENCE? VERY NOBLE, BUT LISTEN--
NO, YOU LISTEN
SO WE PUSHED ON THROUGH THAT HOT NIGHT I MADE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR COURSE, MY INTERNAL RADAR FUNCTIONING MORE DEPENDABLY THAN THE SHIP'S.
WE BOTH HAVE DIFFERENT MOTIVES, BUT WE'RE AFTER THE SAME THING -- ELLINGTON FOR NOW, LET'S PRETEND WE'RE ADULTS AND DROP THIS BULL. OKAY?
THANKFULLY THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY EXPLANATIONS
AT 5:10 A.M. THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN BROKE OVER THE CITY AND THEN I COULD HEAR IT STARTING, EVEN A HALF MILE OFFSHORE

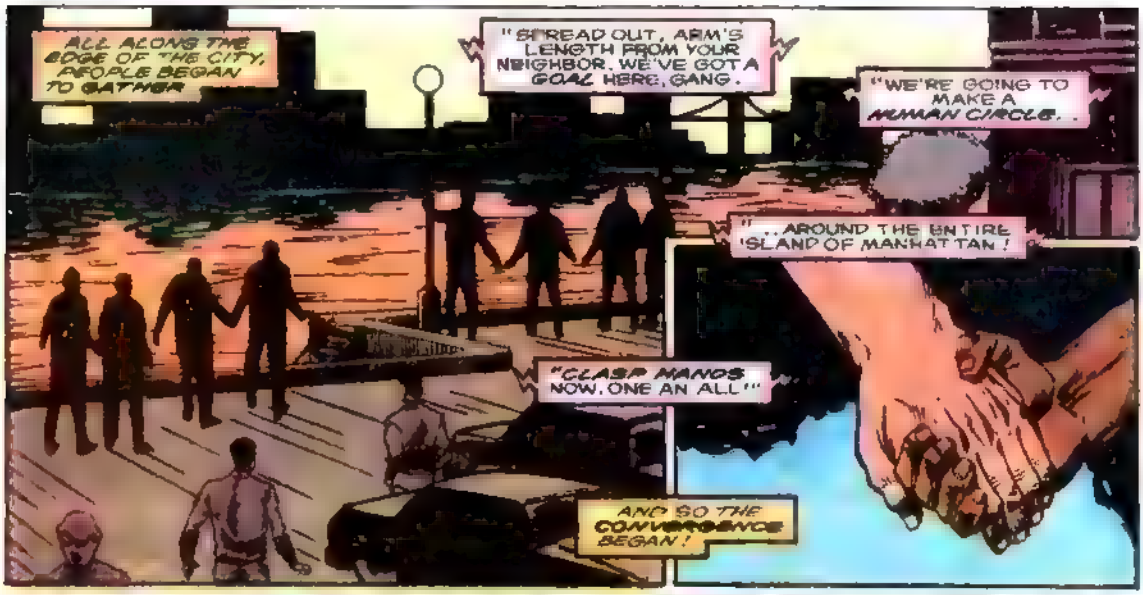

IT WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF DISTANT THUNDER. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THEIR APARTMENTS AND ONTO THE PAVEMENT.
A THOUSAND FOOTFALLS SLAP RUNNING, SOME DANCING, AND ELLINGTON'S VOICE RISING ON THE ELECTRONIC WIND
SPENCER'S
"FRIENDS, ROMANS COUNTRYMEN... THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED. OUT OF YOUR BEDS AND ONTO THE STREETS

"DON'T BE INTIMIDATED BY THE BOYS IN BLUE... WE'VE GOT THE NUMBERS ON OUR SIDE!"
FINALLY UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE...
HEAT PATTERNS OVER THERE
THERE, CAPTAIN ELLINGTON'S USING THE PYLON TO OBSCURE HIS POSITION ON THE RADAR!

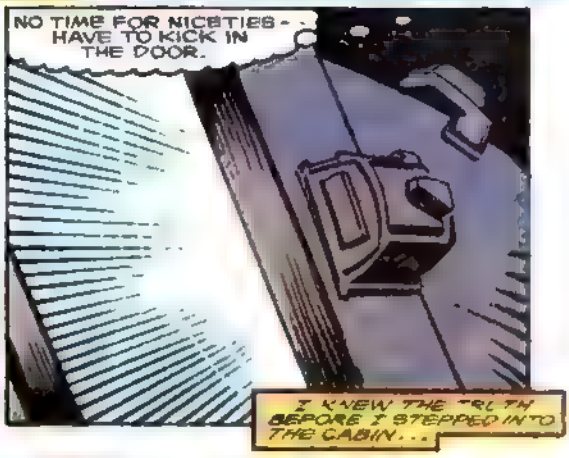

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO LOCATE IT DAREDEVIL TRADE SECRET?
AFRAID SO
PULL UP CLOSE I'D LIKE TO BOARD HER FIRST ELLINGTON MIGHT BE DESPERATE TO PUSH THROUGH HIS SCHEME.

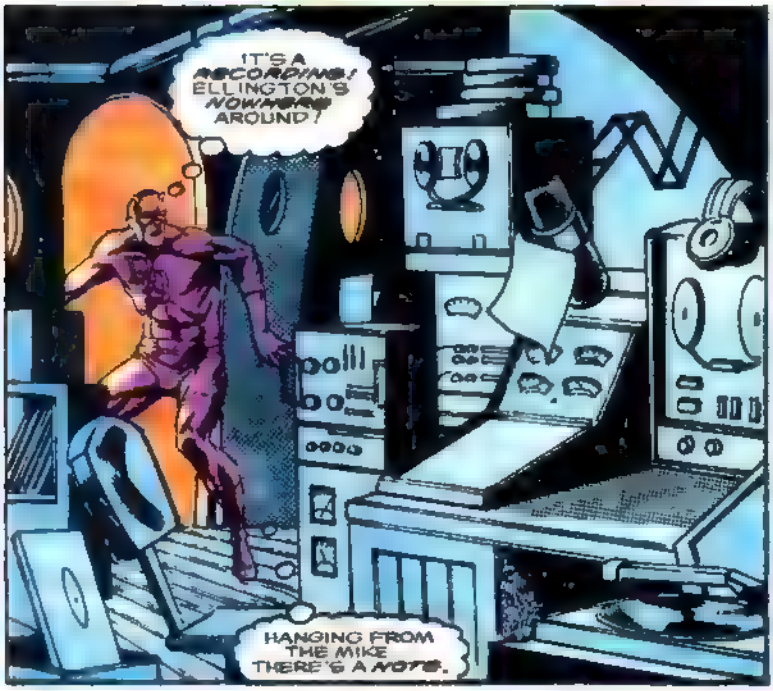
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, DAREDEVIL. YOU LET HIM SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS ONCE. I WANT TO--
FRANKLY, MS PINKWATER...

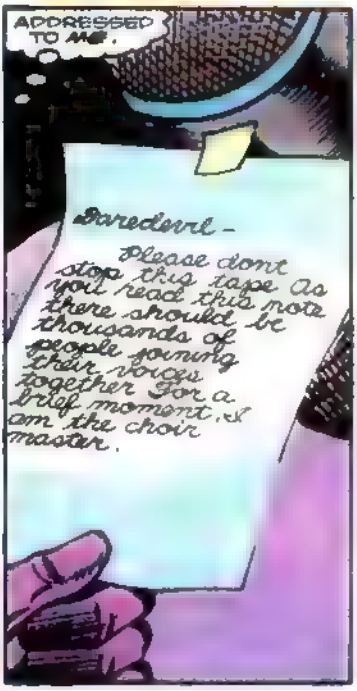
I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT YOU WANT!


ALL ALONG THE EDGE OF THE CITY, PEOPLE BEGAN TO GATHER
"SPREAD OUT, ARM'S LENGTH FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR. WE'VE GOT A GOAL HERE, GANG.
"WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A HUMAN CIRCLE...
"...AROUND THE ENTIRE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN!
"CLASP HANDS NOW. ONE AN ALL!"
AND SO THE CONVERGENCE BEGAN!

ELLINGTON'S VOICE IS COMING FROM DOWN HERE, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT IT...


NO TIME FOR NICETIES--HAVE TO KICK IN THE DOOR.
I KNEW THE TRUTH BEFORE I STEPPED INTO THE CABIN...

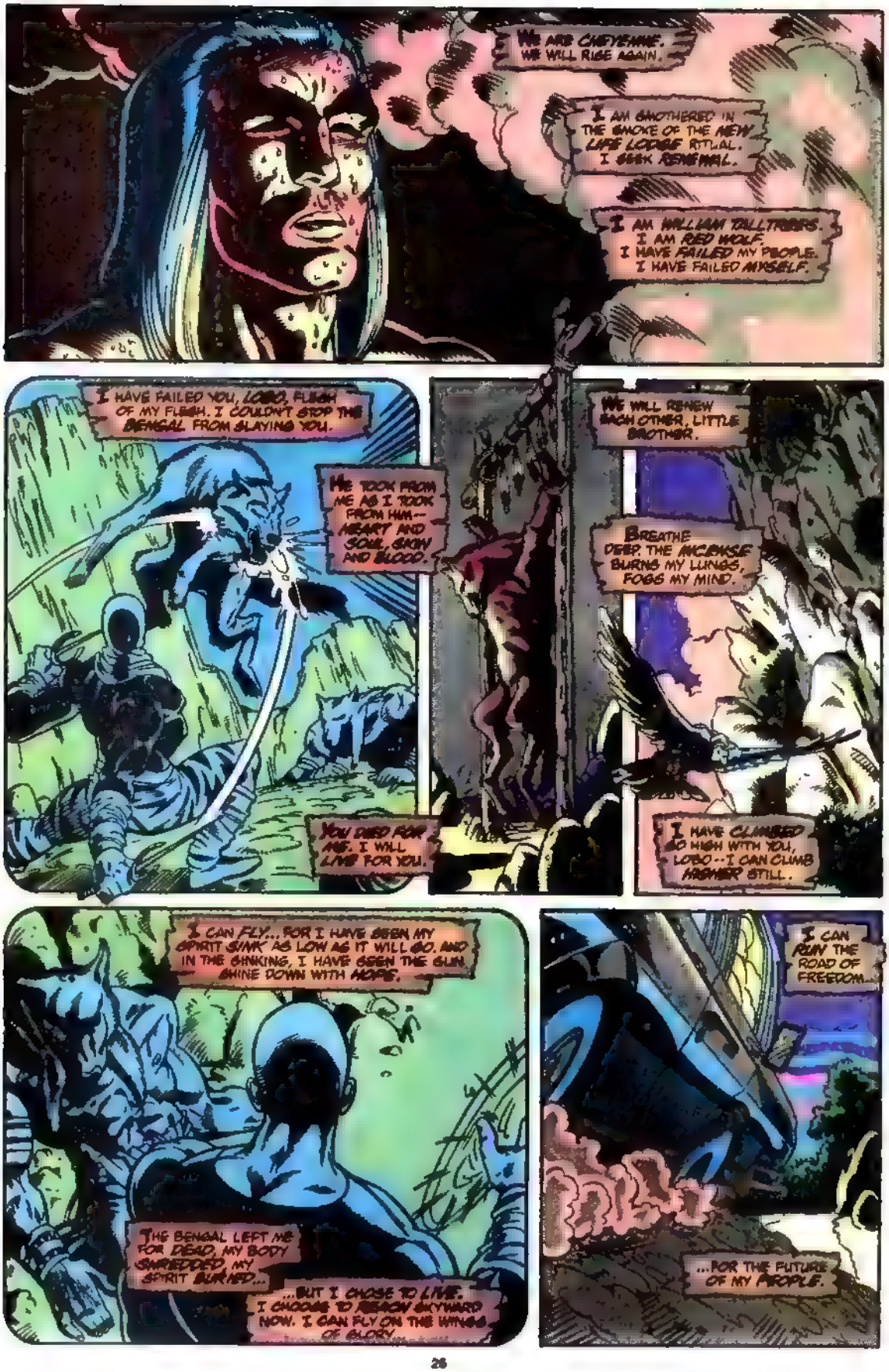

IT'S A RECORDING! ELLINGTON'S NOWHERE AROUND!
HANGING FROM THE MIKE THERE'S A NOTE.


ADDRESSED TO ME.
Daredevil -
Please dont stop this tape as you read this note there should be thousands of people joining their voices together for a brief moment. I am the choir master.

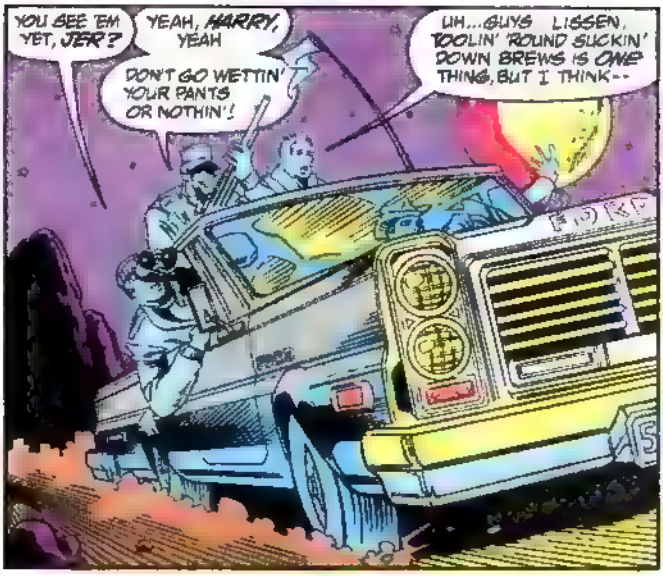
"...and these people are angels."
FROM ON BOARD THE SHIP I COULD FEEL THE SWELL OF 100 000 VOICES CHANTING ..
...HEADS LIFTED TOWARDS THE SKY. THEY SANG.
LIKE A WAVE CRESTING ON A BEACH THE SENSATION SPREAD OVER THE CITY...
...REACHING INTO THE HOMES OF THE RICH AND POOR ALIKE.
A WAVE OF PEACE ROSE OVER THE CITY AND TOUCHED THE HEARTS OF THE VIOLENT AND THE INFIRM...
...THE YOUNG AND THE LONELY, AND FILLED THEM ALL WITH THE SAME SIMPLE JOY--
-- THE JOY OF BEING ALIVE.
LATER SOME EXPLAINED THE PHENOMENON IN TERMS OF HARMONIC RESONANCE AFFECTING ENERGY WAVE PATTERNS. .
AT THAT MOMENT EXPLANATIONS DIDN'T MATTER.

YOU FEEL IT, TOO, DON'T YOU, MS. PINKWATER? THAT SINGING-- IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M... VIBRATING.
FOR THE FIRST TIME I CAN REMEMBER, I'M NOT AFRAID OR ANGRY. SEEMS SO SIMPLE NOW, TO LET ALL THAT GO.
CAPTAIN..?
CAPTAIN, HOLD OUT YOUR HAND! IT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION, IS IT?
RAIN! IT'S RAINING!
IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, BUT IT'S RAINING. THE HEAT WAVE'S FINALLY BROKEN!
MS. PINKWATER?!
IT'S OVER THEN--THE FEAR, OF KILLER DOGS, THE SUSPICION AND ANGER OF THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS. SO THIS IS ELLINGTON'S LEGACY.
COULD THE RAIN BE JUST A COINCIDENCE? OR DID WE JUST PERFORM SOME MODERN RAIN DANCE?
I WAS ANGRY AT MYSELF FOR MAKING SO MANY MISTAKES. I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT.
WHY DO WE LET OURSELVES GET SO BALLED UP THAT WE LOSE SIGHT OF THE SIMPLE THINGS? THE JOYS OF BEING ALIVE?
I DIDN'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS, NOT THAT MORNING. BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER.
PEOPLE WERE RETURNING TO THEIR APARTMENTS. NONE OF THE RIOTING OR LOOTING I'D ANTICIPATED HAD OCCURRED.
THE RAIN ON MY FACE FELT COOL AND WONDERFUL. THAT WAS ENOUGH.
THE END.

RED WOLF in
FLESH OF MY FLESH
COLONEL JOHN CHIVINGTON SMILED AS HIS TROOPS TORE THROUGH YOU. I WEEP FOR MY BUTCHERED BRETHREN.
DULL KNIFE FLED TO THE DAKOTAS, WANTING BACK THE LAND THEY'D LIVED ON FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. SEVENTY-FIVE DEAD. I WEEP FOR MY MURDERED BROTHERS.
SISTER SOLD THE GIFT OF INNOCENCE FROM MONAHSETAH AND SHE BORE HIM A SON HE SCORNED FOREVERMORE. I WEEP FOR THE RAVAGED SOUL OF A LITTLE SISTER.
FLESH OF MY FLESH WE WERE CALLED TSISTSISTAS. WE WERE THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.


We are Cheyenne. We will rise again.
I am smothered in the smoke of the new life lodge ritual. I seek renewal.
I am William Talltrees. I am Red Wolf. I have failed my people. I have failed myself.
I have failed you, Lobo, flesh of my flesh. I couldn't stop the Bengal from slaying you.
He took from me as I took from him-- heart and soul, skin and blood.
You died for me. I will live for you.
We will renew each other, little brother.
Breathe deep. The incense burns my lungs, fogs my mind.
I have climbed so high with you, Lobo--I can climb higher still.
I can fly... for I have been my spirit sunk as low as it will go. And in the sinking, I have seen the sun shine down with hope.
The Bengal left me for dead, my body shredded, my spirit burned...
...but I chose to live. I choose to reach skyward now. I can fly on the wings of glory.
I can run the road of freedom...
...for the future of my people.

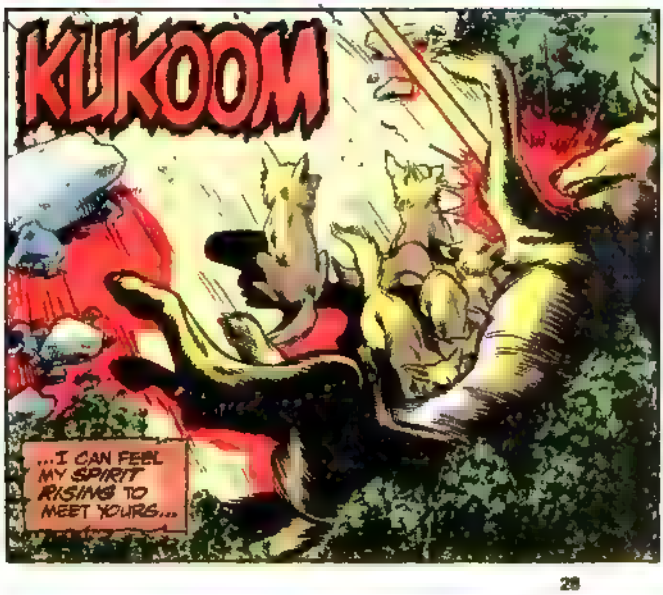
I CAN RUN WITH THE WOLF. I CAN FLY WITH THE EAGLE.
PULL!
AWW, JUST SAY...
:BLURP:
..."THROW THE CAN, GARY!"
KUKOOM
FRIGGIN' BULLSEYE.
WHATTAWASTE
I CAN HEAR THE THUNDER CRACKING. I CAN FEEL THE STORM COMING. I CAN TASTE ITS RIGHTEOUS FURY.
AND ITS TASTE IS COLD AND SWEET.
MY HEAD POUNDS...
...A STACCATO BEATING OF DRUMS...
...IT FUELS THE FIRE BURNING INSIDE ME...
...IT SHOWS ME THE WAY OF LIFE...
...THE WAY OF MY FUTURE...
...THE WAY OF BLOOD.
TOGETHER, LOBO TOGETHER FOREVER.
THERE IS SO MUCH I CAN LEARN FROM YOUR SPIRIT.
HEY, JERRY--HEY, BABY--AWRIGHT!
TAKE A LOOKIE 'ERE--
FREAKIN' NATIONAL...
:BOWRP:
...GEOGRAPHIC!

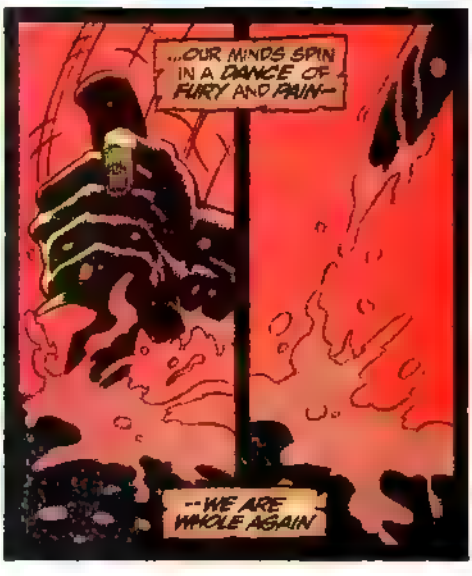

YOU SEE 'EM YET, JER?
YEAH, HARRY, YEAH
DON'T GO WETTIN' YOUR PANTS OR NOTHIN'!
UH...GUYS LISSEN, TOOLIN' 'ROUND SUCKIN' DOWN BREWS IS ONE THING, BUT I THINK--

I CAN FEEL YOU IN ME, LOBO--
--CAN FEEL ME IN YOU!

--THINK YOU'RE A WUSS, BAR. THA'S WHUD I THINK!
THIS MUTT'S ALPO...

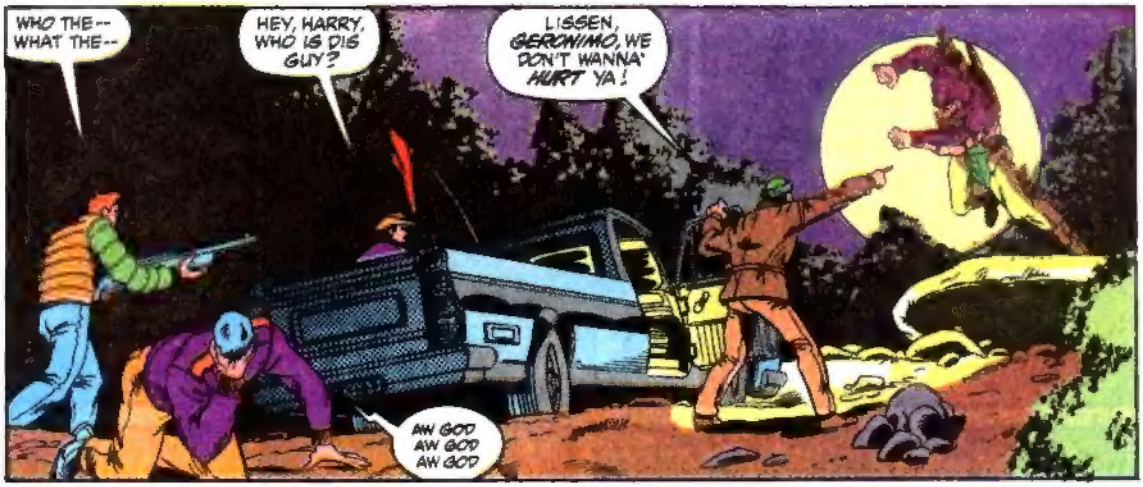
I CAN HEAR YOU SCREAMING, LOBO--
--EVERY CUT DIGS DEEPER INTO YOUR ANGER...


KUKOOM
...I CAN FEEL MY SPIRIT RISING TO MEET YOURS...


...OUR MINDS SPIN IN A DANCE OF FURY AND PAIN--
--WE ARE WHOLE AGAIN

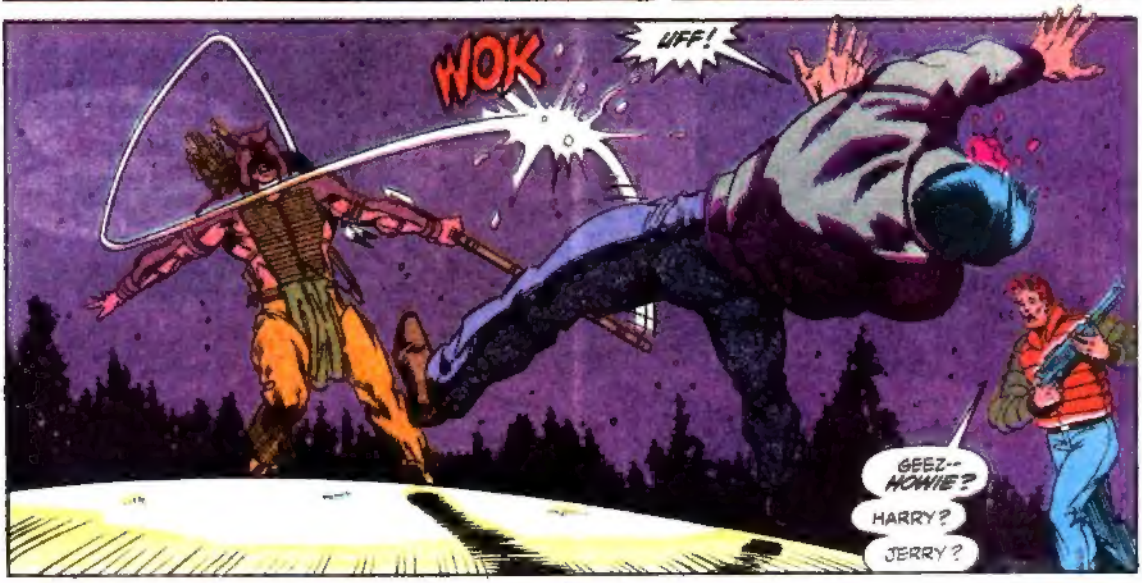
TOGETHER FOREVER, LOBO YOU ARE FLESH OF MY FLESH NOW
I WEAR YOUR SKIN, NOW I MUST DRINK YOUR SPIRIT.
LET OUR BLOOD MIX. WE WILL BE BOUND BODY AND SOUL.
STAIN THE TOTEM OF OWAXODATA, WOLF-GOD WE LIVE TO SERVE H YI FOREVER MORE
KUKOOM
PEGGED IT, JER. MOWIE-- DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
I AM THE HEART OF ANGER, BRINGER OF REVENGE.
I AM SKY AND LAND. I AM MAN AND BEAST.
I AM RED WOLF, PROTECTOR OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE.
I WALK THE LAND OF MY FOREFATHERS. I TREAD IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF PAIN.
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH...

KUKOOM
GOOD SHOOTIN' FER A DRUNK!
KUKOOM
CAN'T WE STOP NOW, I MEAN ...ENUFF'S ENUFF...
AW, SHADDUP, GARY!
THIS'S BETTER...
-URP-
...THAN BEATIN' THE WIFE!
JUS' ONE MORE LEFT--
CHUK
AAAAAAAA
JERRY?
AW, GEEZ--
WHAT HAPPENED?
AW, GEEZ--
HEY!
OH, GOD-- HOWIE -- HIT THE BRAKES, MAN--
HIT THE BRAKES!
FWOOT
THEY HAVE TORN MY FLESH.
THEY HAVE DESECRATED MY LAND.
WE DO PISS. THEY WILL PAY.


WHO THE-- WHAT THE--
HEY, HARRY, WHO IS DIS GUY?
LISSEN, GERONIMO, WE DON'T WANNA' HURT YA!
AW GOD AW GOD AW GOD

URK
SKRITCH

OKAY--ENOUGH'S ENOUGH-- PUT DOWN THE HARPOON!
AAGH AAGH


WOK
UFF!
GEEZ-- HOWIE?
HARRY?
JERRY?

HELP ME
LEAVE 'IM ALONE--HUFF--YOU INDIAN PIG!
NO!
GARY?
PUT YER GUN DOWN, JER.
WHAT WE WERE DOIN' WAS WRONG!
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?
PUT THE GUN DOWN, OR SO HELP ME... I'LL SHOOT YOU.
IS THIS THE WAY, OWAYODATA?
THE WAY OF ANGER AND BLOOD?
NO... THIS IS THE WAY... THE WAY OF HOPE... THE WAY OF LIFE...
LOBO WOULD HAVE LIKED A LITTLE BROTHER...
I THINK HE WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT A LOT.
THE END

RED WOLF
FACES THE DEATH OF HIS PARTNER LOBO!
50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991
HER JUNGLE REEKS OF EVIL, AND SHANNA™ MUST CONFRONT IT.
JNG
DAREDEVIL
IS HELPLESS WHEN THINGS COME TO A HEAD IN NEW YORK.